Mou There is a thing within my boſome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſtings Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Moub. Yea but our valuation ſhal be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe deriued cauſe,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We ſhall be winow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That euen our corne ſhal ſeeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and ſuch picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion,
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend,
So that this land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very inſtruments of chaſticement,
So that his power, like to a phangleſſe lion,

May offer, but not hold.
Biſhop Tis very true,
And therefore be aſſurde, my good
If we do now make our attonemer
Our peace wil like a broken limbe
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo, here is returnd n
Enter Weſtm
Weſt. The prince is here at han
To meet his grace iuſt diſtance tw
Enter Prince Iohn an
Mow. Your grace of York, in G
Biſhop. Before, and greete his gra
Iohn You are well incountred h
Good day to you, gentle Lord A
And ſo to you Lord Haſtings, and
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhewe
When that your flocke aſſembled
Encircled you, to heare with reuere
Your expoſition on the holy text,
That now to ſee you here, an yron
Cheering a rowt of rebells with yo
Turning the word to ſword, and li
That man that ſits within a monar
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his
Would he abuſe the countenance
Alacke what miſcheefes might he
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſſe? with
It is euen ſo, who hath not heard it
How deepe you were within the b
To vs the ſpeaker in his parliamen
To vs th'imagine voice of God hi
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the ſanctities o
And our dull workings? O who ſh
But you miſuſe the reuerence of yo